Numb. 95

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Interea dulces pendent circum Oscula Nati,
Casta Pudicitiam servat Domus.—— Virg.

From *Tuesday November* 15. to *Thursday November* 17. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 16.

THere are several Persons who have many Pleasures and Entertainments in their Possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good Office to acquaint them with their own Happiness, and turn their Attention to such Instances of their good Fortune which they are apt to overlook. Perhaps in the married State often want such a Monitor, and pine away their Days, by looking upon the same Condition in Anguish and Murmur, which carries with it in the Opinion of others a Complication of all the Pleasures of Life, and a Retreat from its Inquietudes. I am led into this Thought by a Visit I made an old Friend who was formerly my School-fellow. He came to Town last Week with his Family for the Winter, and yesterday Morning sent me Word his Wife expected me to Dinner. I am as it were at Home at that House, and every Member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the Pleasure it is, to be met by the Children with so much Joy as I am when I go thither: The Boys and Girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the Door; and that Child which loses the Race to me, runs back again to tell the Father it is *Mr. Bickerstaff*. This Day I was led in by a pretty Girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the Family has been out of Town these Two Years. Her knowing me again was a mighty Subject with us, and took up our Discourse at the first Entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a Thousand little Stories they heard in the Country about my Marriage to one of my Neighbour's Daughters: Upon which the Gentleman my Friend said, Nay, if Mr. *Bickerstaff* marries a Child of any of his old Companions, I hope mine shall have the Preference; there's Mrs. *Mary* is now Sixteen, and would make him as fine a Widow as the best of them: But I know him too well; he is so enamoured of the very Memory of those who flourished in our Youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern Beauties. I remember, old Gentleman, how often you went Home in a Day to refresh your Countenance and Dress, when *Teraminta* reigned in your Heart. As we came up in the Coach, I repeated to my Wife some of your Verses on her. With such Reflexions on little Passages which happen'd long ago, we pass'd our Time during a chearful and elegant Meal. After Dinner, his Lady left the Room, as did also the Children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the Hand; Well, my good Friend, says he, I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the Company that dined with you to Day again. Do not you think the good Woman of the House a little altered, since you followed her from the Play-house to find out who she was for me? I perceived a Tear fall down his Cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the Discourse, said I, She is not indeed quite that Creature she was when she returned me the Letter I carried from you, and told me, She hoped, as I was a Gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me, but would be so much the Gentleman's Friend as to dissuade him from a Pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your Cousin *Will.* who made his Sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever Fifteen. Fifteen? replied my good Friend: Ah! You little understand, you that have lived a Batchelor, how great, how exquisite, a Pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous Face in Nature should raise in me such pleasing Ideas, as when I look upon that excellent Woman. That fading in her Countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my Fever. This was followed by a Fit of Sickness, which had like to have carried her off last Winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many Obligations to her, that I cannot with any sort of Moderation think of her present State of Health. But as to what you say of Fifteen, she gives me every Day Pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the Possession of her Beauty when I was in the Vigour of Youth. Every Moment of her Life brings me fresh Instances of her Complacency to my Inclinations, and her Prudence in Regard to my Fortune. Her Face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no Decay in any Feature which I cannot trace from the very Instant it was occasioned, by some anxious Concern for my Welfare and Interests. Thus at the same Time, methinks, the Love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my Gratitude for what she is. The Love of a Wife is as much above the idle Passion commonly called by that Name, as the loud Laughter of Buffoons is inferior to the elegant Mirth of Gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable Jewel. In her Examination of her Houshold Affairs, she shows a certain Fearfulness to find a Fault, which makes her Servants obey her like Children; and the meanest we have, has an ingenuous Shame for an Offence, not always to be seen in Children in other Families. I speak freely to you, my old Friend, ever since her Sickness, Things that gave me the quickest Joy before, turn now to a certain Anxiety. As the Children play in the next Room, I know the poor Things by their Steps, and am considering, what they must do, should they lose their Mother in their tender Years. The Pleasure I used to take in telling my Boy Stories of the Battles, and asking my Girl Questions about the Disposal of her Baby, and the Gossiping of it, is turned into inward Reflection and Melancholy. He would have gone on in this tender Way, when the good Lady entered, and with an inexpressible Sweetness in her Countenance told us, she had been searching her Closet for something very good to treat such an old Friend as I was. Her Husband's Eyes sparkled with Pleasure at the Chearfulness of her Countenance; and I saw all his Fears vanish in an Instant. The Lady observing something in our Looks which showed

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we had been more serious than ordinary; and seeing her Husband receive her with great Concern under a forced Chearfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying her self to me, said, with a Smile, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, don't believe a Word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my Second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more Care of himself than he has done since his coming to Town. You must know, he tells me, That he finds *London* is a much more healthy Place than the Country; for he sees several of his old Acquaintance and School-fellows are here, young Fellows with fair full-bottomed Periwigs. I could scarce keep him this Morning from going out open-Breasted. My Friend, who is always extreamly delighted with her agreeable Humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that Easiness which is peculiar to Women of Sense; and to keep up the good Humour she had brought in with her, turn'd her Raillery upon me. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you remember you followed me one Night from the Play-house; supposing you should carry me thither to morrow Night, and lead me into the Front-Box. This put us into a long Field of Discourse about the Beauties, who were Mothers to the present, and shined in the Boxes Twenty Years ago. I told her I was glad she had transferr'd so many of her Charms, and I did not question but her eldest Daughter was within half a Year of being a Toast. We were pleasing our selves with this fantastical Preferment of the young Lady, when on a sudden we were alarm'd with the Noise of a Drum, and immediately entered my little Godson to give me a Point of War. His Mother, between Laughing and Chiding, would have put him out of the Room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon Conversation with him, tho' he was a little noisy in his Mirth, that the Child had excellent Parts, and was a great Master of all the Learning on t'other Side Ten Years old. I perceived him a very great Historian in *Æsop*'s Fables; but he frankly declared to me his Mind, That he did not delight in that Learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which Reason, I found he had very much turned his Studies for about a Twelvemonth past, into the Lives and Adventures of Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, *Guy* of *Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, and other Historians of that Age. I could not but observe the Satisfaction the Father took in the Forwardness of his Son; and that these Diversions might turn to some Profit, I found the Boy had made Remarks, which might be of Service to him during the Course of his whole Life. He would tell you the Mismanagements of *John Hickathrift*, find Fault with the passionate Temper in *Bevis* of *Southampton*, and loved St. *George* for being the Champion of *England*; and by this Means, had his Thoughts insensibly moulded into the Notions of Discretion, Virtue, and Honour. I was extolling his Accomplishments, when the Mother told me, That the little Girl who led me in this Morning, was in her Way a better Scholar than he. *Betty* (says she) deals chiefly in Fairies and Sprights; and sometimes in a Winter Night, will terrify the Maids with her Accounts, till they are afraid to go up to Bed.

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious, Discourse, with this particular Pleasure, which gives the only true Relish to all Conversation, a Sense that every one of us liked each other. I went Home, considering the different Conditions of a married Life and that of a Batchelor; and I must confess, it struck me with a secret Concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no Traces behind me. In this pensive Mood I returned to my Family; that is to say, to my Maid, my Dog and my Cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

Advertisements.

MEN's *Morning Gowns of all Sorts, Silks, Callico's, and Stuffs; being the Goods of a Person who is leaving off the Trade, to be sold as very low Rates, the Prices being writ upon each Gown. Attendance will be given from 8 to the Morning till 4 in the Afternoon every Day, till all are sold, at Naudet's Coffee-house near Temple-Bar.*

THE Lucky Seventy: Or, The longest Livers take all. In a Proposal for Annuities for Life, with the benefit of Survivorship; such as the Purses of the Generality of the People may be able to compass; issuing out of the Annuities granted, or to be granted, by Parliament, for a Term certain of Ninety nine Years. Hence great Profits will arise to such as shall live long; and an immediate Income to all the Subscribers, Tax-free, and payable half yearly, during the Lives of their respective Nominees. The least Sum to be subscrib'd, is Ten Pounds; but any Contributor, or such Person as shall be employ'd by such Contributor, may subscribe for as many Sums of Ten Pounds, as he, or she, shall think fit. Subscriptions are taken from Two till Five in the Afternoon, at Haberdasher's-Hall in Maiden-lane near Wood-Street, London. Where may be seen the Articles of Agreement, the Method of the disposing of the Subscription-Monies and Tallies, and the Allowances to the Subscribers of the first Twenty Thousand Pounds, and other Particulars relating to the said Proposal.

THIS is to certify, That we Catherine and Alice Nuson, Sisters, in Cockley near Halsworth in Suffolk, do here declare, That we were both born blind of Cataracts, and lived in Darkness, till the youngest of us was above 20 Years of Age; when we applied our selves to Sir William READ, the Majesty's Oculist, in Durham-yard in the Strand, London, who couched us both, and instantly brought us to our perfect Sight, to the great Joy and Comfort both to our selves and Parents; as is here attested by us, in Justice to Sir William, and for the publick Service. Catherine and Alice Nuson.

Note, Sir William READ, by his long Practice and great Experience, has found out a Medicine that prevents Cataracts in the Beginning, and preserves the Sight in Old or Young.

Lately publish'd,

* Atlas Geographus: Or, A Compleat System of Geography, Ancient and Modern. Publish'd Monthly. The Eighteenth for October 1709. finishes the History of the Reformation in France; contains the History and Genealogy of their Kings to this present Time; an Account of their Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, Government; the State of their Revenue, Artillery, Armies, Fleet, &c. their Universities, Academies; Government of the Isle of France; an Account of Paris, and all the King's Palaces thereabouts; with the Government of Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany: Taken from Baudrand, Varenius, the Atlas Historique, La Forrest, &c. All of good Authority; and in which are so many Things never before in English, that, put together, makes this Account of France perhaps the most exact yet extant of any Country. Printed by John Nutt, near the Savoy; and sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Where may be had the 17 preceding Months. Pr. 1 s. each.

Just publish'd,

** The Diseases of Women with Child, and in Child-Bed; As also, The best Means of helping them in Natural and Unnatural Labours. With fit Remedies for the several Indispositions of New-born Babes. To which is prefix'd, an exact Description of the Parts of Generation in Women. A Work much more perfect than any now extant, and very necessary for all especially Midwives and Men practising that Art. The Fourth Edition, Corrected, and augmented with several new Figures and with the Description of an excellent Instrument to bring a Child that comes right. All correctly engraven in Copper. Written in French by Francis Mauriceau. And translated by Hugh Chamberlen, M. D. Printed for A. Bell at the Cross-keys and Bible in Cornhill near Stocks-Market.

Just Publish'd,

** An exact Narrative of many surprizing Matters of Fact, uncontestably wrought by an Evil Spirit or Spirits, in the House of Master Jan Smagge, Farmer, in Canvy-Island, near Leigh in Essex, upon the 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of September last, in the Day-time; in the Presence of the Reverend Mr. Lord, Curate to the said Island, Jan Smagge, Master of the House, and of several Neighbours, Servants and Strangers, who came at different Times, by Mr. Lord's particular Care to discharge his Duty, and their Curiosity, led them to this Place of Wonders. Together with a short Account of some of the extraordinary Things credibly said to have formerly disturb'd the House, both before and since Mr. Smagge came into it: The utmost Caution being used not to exceed the Truth in the minutest Circumstance. In a Letter from Malden in Essex, to a Gentleman in London. Printed, and sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall, 1709. Price 2 d.

THE Queen's Bagnio in Long-Acre, is made very convenient for both Sexes to sweat and bath private every Day in the Week, and cupp'd to the last Perfection (having the best and newest Instrument for that Purpose). It is sufficiently evident, that it exceeds all others, by being most and constantly frequented by the Nobility and Gentry. Pr. 5 s. for one single Person; but if Two or more come together, 4 s. each. There is no Entertainment for Women after 12 a Clock at Night; but all Gentlemen that desire Beds, may have them for 2 s. per Night. Henry Ayres.

If any Persons desire to be cupp'd at their own House, he will wait on them himself, he having had the Honour to give general Satisfaction to the Nobility in the Performance of that Art, which he has acquired to a Nicety by a long and great Practice. Note, That his Way of cupping is the very same as was used by the late Mr. Verdier deceas'd.

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